# The Liberalist

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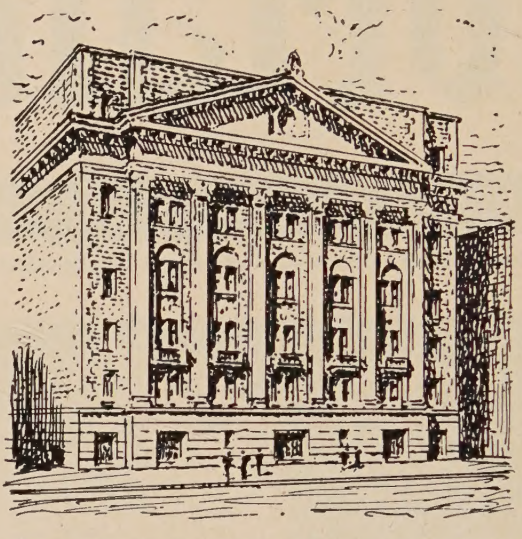
And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



## THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

**Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road**

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

### *Declaration of Principles*

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

### *Dr. Bradley's Books*

"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"—$1.00
*"MEDITATIONS" and "MY DAILY STRENGTH"*

### *Other Books by Dr. Bradley*

"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

# ALONG THE WAY

**By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY**

ALTHOUGH I am writing this article nearly a month after Easter, I am still under the glow of the triumphant and beautiful day which the church had. Looking back over the record of past years, I find that this past Holy Week was the busiest week ever known in all the years of my ministry. As I go over the record, seated here at my desk today, it almost overwhelms me and I wonder how I ever got through the week. Beginning with the Palm Sunday service and closing at Easter night, I preached fifteen sermons, made a radio address every morning at 9:45 on WGN and a television appearance every day at 12:45 on WGN-TV, and during the week conducted seven funeral services besides making innumerable hospital and sick calls every afternoon; yet at the close of the Easter night service I felt as though I could do it all over again the next week. I am more grateful than I have words to express for the physical sustenance and strength which are given to me. Every day people meet me and say "How Do You Do It?"

Some day I think I shall write another book and call it "How Do You Do It?" and tell the technique which I have used for years and which has never failed me yet. I hold quite securely to the position that we can find time to do anything we really want to do. It is all a matter of planning and meeting each duty, doing your best with it and then refusing to be worried or concerned about it after it has passed. The Chinese have a great proverb: "Never let tomorrow tire you today." And there is another old saw which I think of frequently: "Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday." I wish I had the power and the opportunity to impress these truths upon more and more people, for I know how it would change one's life and how each individual could accomplish much more than he does. The inevitable result would be more adequate living.

Of course we must never forget how love for one's work affects the ease and facility by which one does one's work. I love my work. I love the congregation; I love the audiences I meet in my lecture work; I love the stimulation which comes from preaching. Sometimes I wish that every day were Sunday, and probably you do, too, but perhaps for a different reason. I know of no greater tragedy that can befall a person than being engaged in a work in which he is unhappy. Blessed is the man who has found his work. I am quite sure, if I were a much younger man and if I were occupied with a daily task which was boring, irritating and repulsive to me, I should at the first opportunity, no matter what the monetary advantage might be, change my work. If there is one place in a person's life where he should have tranquility, it is in his daily work.

Well, now, coming back to our Easter season, while it is somewhat belated, I want to express to all the organizations of the church, all the members of all the organizations, and all of our thousands of radio friends, my gratitude for their co-operation and inspiration during the Lenten season.

June and I particularly want to thank the readers of our Liberalist and all others who remembered us with such an avalanche of beautiful Easter cards. Obviously it is impossible to

make individual replies, but we want you to know that every card was cherished and your thoughtfulness in sending them lifted our hearts on the triumphant Easter day.

I don't think our church sanctuary ever was more beautifully adorned with floral tributes than on Easter day. After the services were concluded, the flowers were taken to shut-ins and friends who were in hospitals throughout the city.

I could not close my expression of gratitude without paying tribute to Prof. LeRoy Wetzel, and our splendid choir and quartet. Everywhere I was greeted with praise of our beautiful music during the entire week; the solos by each individual member of the quartet at the Erlanger services, the entire quartet singing on Thursday noon; the music every evening during the week in the church, and especially the Friday evening music, when the choir and the quartet gave Stainer's "The Crucifixion."

I desire to express also my great appreciation of the faithful attendance of our ushers in taking care of all the fifteen services during the week.

* * *

As we are now in the midst of the "home stretch" for this church year, I think you might be interested in the plans for our concluding Sundays and my own plans, such as are now complete, for the summer.

We will emphasize, as always, our Memorial service, to be held on Memorial Sunday, May 30th. Many organizations will attend as groups. I am speaking on "The Restless Dead." In view of the present fragile and chaotic condition of internal affairs, the supreme tragedy of this hour is that we could win two major world conflicts by the deaths of thousands and thousands of our finest young men, and then have the victory dissipated and destroyed by the incompetency and mediocrity of much of our diplomacy. Verily the dead are restless.

On the next Sunday, June 6th, I am going to speak on "The Art of Growing Old." It is our Annual Baccalaureate Sermon to the 1954 graduating classes from our high schools, colleges and universities. This service is always attended by many young people and students, under-graduates as well as graduates. Whether you are young or old the fact of the matter is that each year all, in both age groups, are one year older, therefore the importance of growing old effectively has universal appeal.

Our closing service for this, my 42nd year with the church, will be held on Sunday morning, June 13th. This service through the years has always been our most largely attended service with the exception of Easter. I hope this year will be no exception and that the weather will be kind. Already several radio groups from surrounding towns in the metropolitan area are planning to attend. Past years have taught us that many radio listeners use our closing Sunday as an opportunity for visiting the church service in person. There are always many visitors and radio listeners in each congregation as our guest register shows. On a recent Sunday there were twelve states, three foreign countries and twenty-two different religious denominations represented among the guests at the service. After each service I stand at the base of the steps leading into the vestry and give a personal greeting to all who give me the opportunity. Sometimes I am there as long as an hour, but it has its great compensation and is always an inspiring experience for me.

* * *

One of the oldest workers in period of service in our church is Mr. Frank S. Bryan, the present custodian of the

building. Mr. Bryan in the early years was an electrical engineer and when we built The Peoples Church building he installed all of the electrical equipment. Since 1926 he and Mrs. Bryan have been two of our most active and loyal workers. Mrs. Bryan is in charge of our literature table every service. Mr. Bryan for many years was connected with the Chicago Public Library and after his retirement accepted the position as custodian of The Peoples Church. Their record for attendance and interest is unusual. About two weeks ago I was to give the 100th Anniversary address at a dinner held by the Masonic Lodge of Buchanan, Michigan. It was a lovely day, the countryside was reacting to the first impulse of spring, and I concluded to drive to Buchanan. I mentioned it to Mr. Bryan after the service on Sunday and he said, "I would like to ride out with you." So the morning of the day of the engagement I called him and he was delighted to go. The car picked him up and stopped for me and we were on our way. Before we arrived at the outer bridge on our way, Mr. Bryan was taken ill with severe abdominal pains. He thought it was only a slight indisposition. I said "Frank, do not you think we had better go back? I will take you back home." He said "No, I will be all right." We continued on until he had another attack at 63rd Street. I still thought we should return but he had his heart set on making this trip and felt that we should continue. As we were going through Indiana Harbor I felt it would be best to stop at a doctor's. So we stopped at the Indiana Harbor Clinic. By this time he was suffering intensely, perspiring profusely and his color to me had become alarming.

We were fortunate in locating immediately Dr. Campagna, of Indiana Harbor Clinic, who said to me: "I think this is an acute appendix condition. I want him in the hospital at once. He made the arrangements and in a few minutes I had Mr. Bryan in St. Catherine's Hospital at Indiana Harbor. Within the hour he was on the operating table. The diagnosis was correct, but there was a complication which neither Frank nor the doctor could possibly have known until the operation. The adhesions from an old hernia of more than fifteen years ago had affected, under pressure, the kidneys and the involved area. Therefore, what had started out to be a simple appendectomy turned out to be somewhat more complicated.

I continued on toward my engagement, arriving an hour late in Buchanan; and then on my way back to Chicago stopped, after midnight, at the hospital to see Frank. He was still under the influence of the anesthetic and did not know me, but I had every assurance that he was in good condition. I called Mrs. Bryan from the hospital, told her of the circumstances and did my best to encourage her not to have any anxiety. Frank is improving daily. I have seen him since at the hospital and what we thought might be a stay of a few days at the most has lengthened out into over two weeks. But I wish to inform his many friends in the church and congregation that I am assured that in a day or two I can go to the hospital and bring him back home. We have missed him at the services, but I am reasonably certain he will be able to be present on the two Sundays in June. When we left my home he was in good spirits and we were looking forward to a pleasant ride through the pastoral beauties of my beloved state of Michigan, and in less than an hour he was a very sick man. How true it is that we never

know from one hour to the next what life will present to us.

* * *

I felt deeply honored the other evening when, at the invitation of the courageous Bishop Shiel, I was invited from among all the protestant clergy of the city to attend the Annual Catholic Youth Organization Dinner given in his honor and in appreciation for his great contribution in aid of the youth difficulties of our city. More than 1200 people sat down at a dinner of corn beef and cabbage which cost $10 a plate, the proceeds to be used for the great work being done among the youth by Bishop Shiel. As I was presented by him at the dinner for the closing words, I wished many of my Unitarian and Protestant friends could have been there and caught some of the enthusiasm of that great occasion. Sometimes it seems so difficult to get our people enthusiastically and sacrificially concerned in some of the much-needed work for the betterment of the conditions in a great city like ours.

I know Chicago has over a million Roman Catholics, and I am as familiar as any reader with the psychology of Roman Catholic operation, but I cannot help but admire their enthusiasm, their loyalty, and their organizational ability to get things done. If we Protestants had a little more of it we would get along much faster than we do. Whether we admire some of Bishop Shiel's social and philosophical points of view, or whether we agree or disagree with his position in regard to Senator McCarthy, the larger and the more significant factor is that he is a man of undeniable courage and has made a great contribution in giving underprivileged youth of our city, Catholic, Jewish and Protestant, an opportunity to overcome the handicap which was handed them early in life.

* * *

The July number of the Liberalist will be most important, as will all of the summer numbers. At this writing it is impossible to give too much in detail of the summer program, but we hope that every subscriber will continue their subscription and invite others as well. Our subscription list has been growing. We are sending our magazine to almost every state in the United States and to several foreign countries. Our little magazine is an opportunity for extending the area of the influence and work of the church and the summer numbers will be vital and interesting. May your summer be one of recreation, restoration, inspiration and may life always be kind to you and yours.

# "FOR THOSE WHO HAVE LOST FAITH"

**SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY**
**Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago**
**Sunday, March 14, 1954**

I NEVER go to the City of Boston but what I always go over to Copley Square and go into Trinity Church. Trinity Church was the great pulpit preaching station for one of the most effective preachers this country has ever had—the great Phillips Brooks. And Phillips Brooks had a tremendous influence upon my own personality because the very first book that my mother ever gave me was a book of Phillips Brooks' sermons! I was a very, very little boy, and it was one of the first books that

constituted the foundation of my own private library! I still have that book in my library! And sometimes when I want to come in association with lofty thoughts, great thoughts that are so cleansing and strengthening in their influence, I pick up that little book of Phillips Brooks. And in that book is Phillips Brooks' great tribute to the great Lincoln.

I open what I have to say, about how we can recapture faith when once we have lost it, by telling you of a true incident about Phillips Brooks. For many, many Sundays one winter there was a little, somewhat ragged, urchin who used to come into Trinity Church, off from the square—he was a newsboy! And of course, it's right in the heart of Boston. This newsboy would come into the service every Sunday, and he would sit on the front seat and listen to Phillips Brooks! The pulpit is an old carved pulpit, up high on one side of the church. Phillips Brooks had a magnificent personality. He was over six feet, his hair was as white as snow, and his eyes were very dark and deep and penetrating and he always spoke without manuscript—he was a rapid-fire type of speaker—but he always spoke with such beautiful simplicity! Well this little boy would come Sunday after Sunday, Sunday after Sunday, and sit there looking up into Phillips Brooks' face! And for several Sundays Phillips Brooks tried to get to him before he got out of the church after the service—he was interested in why this little ragged street urchin would come to church and hear the great Phillips Brooks in that magnificent and beautiful church, one of the richest and one of the finest in this country! So one day Phillips Brooks said to one of his deacons: "You see that youngster who comes in here and sits on the front pew every Sunday. I want you to stop him next Sunday when he goes out, and ask him why he comes!" He said: "I want to know about that lad!" So the next Sunday Phillips Brooks preached one of his heartwarming, uplifting, inspiring sermons and the deacon took after the little boy! And out in the vestibule he said: "Son, wait a minute! I'd like to ask you a question! We give you a hearty welcome here, we're awfully glad to see you in church. We've noticed that you come every Sunday, and we'd like to know why. Why do you come to hear Phillips Brooks preach?" And the little fellow turned to him and he said: "Aw, Mister, I like him because he don't know any more than I do!" Now you know, my dear friends, I think that's great preaching! That is what I consider the ART of great preaching—the simplicity of it! Preaching and speaking to the hearts of people in such a way that you do not create an atmosphere of loftiness or differentiation, but that we're on a great common level with life.

We are talking particularly during this Lenten Season, about the simple subject of FAITH! I don't suppose there is any more tragic moment in the heart of a human being than the moment when they feel they have lost faith! When you lose faith and God doesn't mean anything to you anymore! No faith in God! And you say: "Why talk about this idea of having faith in God—look at me; look at my life!" And somebody says: "Look at the heartaches; look at the trouble; look at the things that have happened to me! You talk about God! Where is such a God?" Losing faith in God! Betrayed by a friend—someone who, perhaps, you had loved and felt was so deeply a part of your life that nothing could ever break that friendship! And then some day there's a betrayal and the friendship snaps apart, and

you lose faith in your friend! Losing faith in your country! Worried and anxious about all the challenge that is coming to your country, and you wonder where the leadership is and you wonder where the courage is and you wonder about the *place* of your country in the destiny of nations! You worry about its economic conditions; its industrial situation; its morals, and you begin to lose faith in your country! That's a tragic moment!

What a hard, agonizing moment it is when our faith is destroyed! And what a reconstructed moment it is when it is restored! And I would rather speak two sentences in the sermon this morning that would help someone to recapture his faith, than I would *anything* of which I can think! And if I can wend these words into the deep recesses of someone's life so that the disillusionments of life—and we're all surrounded with disillusionment; no generation in the history of civilization has suffered more than the generation in which you and I live! Several times in my own life I've stood on the mountain peak when it seemed to me that the victory of life was won and all would be well, *always*—and I've had to walk down the thorny pathway from that mountain peak of idealism and confidence and faith into the darkness of the valley! And if I could just get someone started out of the valley this morning back to the mountain peak!

Well, we had it once, didn't we? There were moments when we have known the exhilaration of a great faith; there were moments when we said *nothing* can happen to *my* confidence in God—nothing can happen to *that;* there were moments when we said it doesn't matter what they say or what they do, my friend will be by my side to strengthen me—he will not fail me; she will not fail me! We had those moments, didn't we? We had those high, plateau moments of confidence! Well we can have them again! We can recapture them again—and we will! And we can rebuild on the old failures and the old disillusions until we send into the sky of our lives a structure, and recapture *every power* we thought was lost!

Only two things can destroy a tree! And I thought of it as I was listening in the early morning hours to the news broadcast of that frightful hurricane in Georgia. The howling, hundred-mile-an-hour winds that have brought devastation and heartache and tragedy to many in Georgia! Only two things can happen to a tree! A great, powerful, mighty force of moving air can break it and bring it to earth! The wind—the hurricane—can destroy the tree, or it can *rot* on the inside! Two things wipe out the tree—the *hurricane* from the *outside* and *decay* from the *inside!* A human life is like a tree. The hurricanes of hate; the hurricanes of misunderstanding; the hurricanes of failure; the hurricanes of selfish ambition; the hurricanes of a confused world; the hurricanes of people spending energies of body, mind and soul for the things that don't matter; the hurricanes in trying to create power and personal success—the hurricanes of life can fell us to the ground; and the inner decay of the human spirit, the mutilation and pollution of the human soul on the inside, can bring us to the ground! But the recapture of a creative, affirmative faith that we can meet the hurricanes and can tear out the inner decay is religion! And the power to do that is available to you and you, and you and you, and to the world! That power is there! Reach out and make it your own! It's *yours,* you know!

# The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

TO A HUSTLER

Pause for awhile beside life's pleasant road;
Why hurry on as if in some mad chase,
Spurred, as it were, by a relentless goad?
With speed alone you cannot win life's race;
The end will be the same, though fast or slow
You travel, but you lose too much through haste,
And rushing after tempting dreams, forego
Joys eas'ly gained, why should you waste
The precious hours on some uncertainty?
The present only do we truly have;
The future is as vague as vague can be;
The past is dead, and hopeless as the grave.
So wisely pause awhile on life's highway,
Perchance to find content unknown before;
Appreciate the present, and be gay;
The road might end tonight for evermore.

* * *

THE LITTLE PLANT

With soft, green hands, the little plant,
Puts by the earth when spring's begun;
How eagerly it strains to meet
The kisses of the sun!

O sun, be kind to this thy child,
And God, I pray, be kind to me,
For I am weak as this little plant,
In life's immensity.

* * *

JOY IN NATURE

A lyric is each sparkling star;
A mighty epic is the sea,
And nature's voice, in wind and wave,
To me is like a symphony.
Elysium could scarcely be
More beautiful, in any way,
Than this enchanting world of mine,
And for no lovelier would I pray.

'Tis sad to think how many wend
Life's paths diverse, and never know
The lure of woods, of fields, of hills;
Of sunny streams that laughing flow.
Because dear nature charms me so;
Because she brings joy ev'ry day
I find my world a heavenly place,
And would not for a lovelier pray.

* * *

It is quite evident that Spring has arrived, and with telling effect on the writer. Arrived also, was a yellow-covered booklet of poems by Herbart Allen. Three of them I have just quoted. The little booklet was published in 1952.

The first poem, "To a Hustler," has appealed to me greatly all week. You see what I mean about Spring! I should be glad to drop everything, hie me to a leafy bower and dream and dream, and watch the clouds float by. Perhaps three nights of eight hours' rest each would make me willing to compromise, the weather being such as it is right now—anywhere between 32° and 50°. Leafy bowers are still pretty chilly, as I write these spring-fever lines.

Speaking of poetry, however, for several months now I have had occasion and the desire to hunt up each morning some inspiring lines of poetry. I find it an excellent habit to acquire. An inspirational poem sets the tone and the atmosphere of one's day, like starting your day swinging out on a high swing, instead of starting out to climb a long flight of steps. There's a lift and a swing to it that sets the pace and gives one a good start. Just you try it.

* * *

At this writing a great number of Dr. Bradley's good friends are making

reservations for the Annual Authors Luncheon to honor Dr. Bradley, sponsored by Friends of the Chicago Public Library.

It will be held in the Grand Ballroom of the Sherman Hotel on Saturday, May 22nd.

* * *

Because in last month's Mail Bag I told of just having won the Impromptu Speech Contest in my D.C. C.I. Chapter, and then in the District (composed of five chapters, three meeting in the Chicago loop, one in Oak Park and one on the far South Side) I must now report on what happened at the Division Contest. We held the Division Convention Saturday and Sunday, May 8th and 9th, at Milwaukee. I want you to know what helped me a great deal in this contest at Milwaukee.

When I first arrived, our Division Governor of the Midwest Division brought one of my opponents over to me and said, "You two Champs should meet. You are going to be opponents." I looked up at Jimmy, a good looking gentleman (whom I had met previously at other conventions) and I said "The good Lord help me—I am sunk!" And that is the way I felt. I had heard him at various times acting as Master of Ceremonies and I knew what I was up against! Then I found out that my other opponent was a woman who is purchasing agent for a large shipbuilding company at Manitowoc, Wisconsin. Jimmy, I might add, has a high position with a Milwaukee company and is sent all over the country giving talks before large groups. But this is what helped me: I told two of our Chicago representatives how I felt, and they merely said, without showing any fear whatever: "That will make you do all the better." I hadn't thought of that angle. They didn't sympathize; they just gave me an added boost. They had confidence in me. So, if you want to help a friend over a rough spot, just show them you have confidence in them. So, I won again! And I think, as I am your humble Mail Bag writer, I think you, as my readers, have a right to know about it.

What did I win? First of all a feeling that I do not like contests. Two of my very good friends had to lose. Of course, by the time the contestants get to the Division Contest, all the speeches are good, so no loser need feel badly, yet the winner I think always has a little sympathy for the ones who did not win, because most of us have been in that spot at one time or another.

Then I won a very beautiful Shaeffer Snorkel Onyx Desk Pen Set, was presented with one of the gorgeous floral pieces from the speaker's table, received an orchid corsage, and a gardenia corsage. So I came back to my good old home town of Chicago feeling quite festive. We were able to make good use of the floral table decoration at the annual dinner of the Business Women's Club which occurred on the following Tuesday.

Another prize for winning is the responsibility of representing the Division in the Area Contest at the International Convention to be held in New York City, having all expenses of the convention and transportation paid by the Division. Then, the winner of the area will go into the finals at the Convention.

Well, it's a lot of fun and a lot of excitement; and they say "Wanting keeps one young," so I do "want to win" for the sake of my Division, District and Chapter. And of course we all "want to keep young."

* * *

The Professional and Business Woman's Club of the church had a very

lovely Annual Spring Dinner at Kungsholm on May 11th. Dr. and Mrs. Bradley were honored guests, as were also Mr. and Mrs. Harry D. Stone (Mrs. Stone being the charming president of our Woman's Club) and Mr. and Mrs. Lou Hangel (members of the Men's and the Woman's Club respectively and referred to by the Program Chairman as our Patrons because of their faithful attendance).

Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, Program Chairman, deserves great credit for carrying out the plans for the dinner and for graciously presiding at the dinner. Miss Joanne Plett, the retiring President who has served for the full three years last past, was presented with a very beautiful set of jewelry.

The Men's Club had not only Mr. Hangel representing them, but Mr. Ed McAuliff as well; and several members of the Woman's Club were present.

Dr. Bradley spoke of his plans for a Minister's Cabinet next season, in which every organization of the church will be represented, affording closer co-operation and better co-ordination of all the activities of the church.

After dinner the party attended the Puppet Opera in the lovely Kungsholm Theatre. There seemed to be a little bit of a mechanical difficulty in getting the dying heroine of "La Boheme," Mimi, onto the bed. I thought Rodolfo might have been more helpful. The music was exquisite and we especially enjoyed the tuning-up which the diminutive orchestra did, and the grand entrance of the leader. Afterward we all went downstairs and met the puppets, hundreds of them standing, row on row, in their special cases. We saw many of the stage sets and were told of the complicated workings of the puppets.

One of the amazing things about this performance is the fact that after you have been watching the setting for awhile, it all seems to assume life-size proportions. I declared to Elsa McCloy who sat with me that I was sure the buildings were normal size for stage buildings. There were two very beautiful street scenes in Paris. When I was back-stage, however, I stood beside one of the snow-covered buildings I had admired, only to discover it came just about to my shoulder, and I am only five foot-three in my shoes.

* * *

The Mail Bag is rustling with letters that demand our attention:

The following letter is almost like a personal interview that goes back a long ways into the life of Dr. Bradley:

Dear Doctor Bradley:

At home the other evening I sat watching my son, aged seven, frolicking and babbling around with his many toys, and as I watched I thought back to my own self at that age and my mind flooded with many memories. One of the memories involved you and my family—your coming to our home during the holidays and patiently and lovingly listening to me exclaim over my Christmas toys and gifts. I was so flattered that you had turned aside from the adults and had patiently listened to me.

It was then a natural sequence that I should think of all the other events involving you and my family and the most vivid pictures were of the first church service at Arcola Hall, and the first Sunday School class which you taught and in which I was one of five or six present. (I have a photograph of that class.) That year a Miss Daniels taught us and that was my first awareness of death as one of the few boys in the class was killed jumping on the rear step of an ice wagon. You preached that boy's funeral service and I attended. He became a symbol of safety to me by way of my mother's many

references to his untimely demise, and he was referred to many times when I set out to play in the neighborhood.

As my thoughts drifted along to the subsequent days I recalled your great ardor in campaigning for Theodore Roosevelt and all the talk about "Bull Moose" which had me quite confused as to what a Bull Moose had to do with being President.

You may not recall your stopping in at our house the day the first world war was declared and talking to my father about its many ramifications and portent. I recall it well because that day I had been playing with lead soldiers all afternoon and I was excited because I was going to hear about a real war involving our country.

Several years later I remember my grandfather's death and funeral and the most vivid scene was riding in a horse-drawn funeral carriage out to a little country cemetery over a muddy dirt road and how the carriage got bogged down and we all got out while the men, including yourself, helped push the carriage out of a boggy rut.

A few years later you came out to Elgin and preached grandmother Hall's funeral service. (It was her devout wish that you do this.) She had so wanted to live to the age of one hundred but didn't quite make it, lacking four years.

And last but not least I recall your wonderful response when I called you just a few years ago and reached you after a radio broadcast and I asked you to come again to the Jackson's in their hour of sadness—the death of my father.

All my memories are not funereal. I recall your great happiness when you came to our home and told us about your great opportunity to enlarge your church by having been invited to preach in the old Wilson Avenue Theatre. We were all there that first Sunday service. Likewise when you moved to the Pantheon. I can recall the prefacing announcement on the radio prior to your service in those days in which the announcement was made that services were put on the air by courtesy of the Calumet Baking Company! Yes—and do you recall one of the very early Peoples Church picnics when we all rode out to the end of the elevated line in Wilmette and had our picnic in the woods close by the station and close to the lake? We all went swimming and changed our clothes in the woods nearby the station. I'll never forget how somebody sat down on a grass snake while having the picnic lunch.

I recall the first service at your present church—and I think of a statement you used to make many times at the Pantheon: "Some day some wealthy individual was going to rise up in the congregation and give a large enough bequest to build you your church." I always wondered if such a person had ever appeared. Then there was a remark of yours which intrigued me—and always made father chuckle—it was made in that little, but very important, pause in your service where you made a few announcements and then in a lighter and gayer vein relieved the tension of the service by some little story about giving to the church just a little more than one had heretofore. The particular story had to do with the pleasant sound of coins of various denominations being dropped into the collection basket—and then, you'd pause, and quietly, and almost in a whisper say—you knew no sound as pleasant as the quiet fall of a dollar bill!

I can't forget the many Sunday dinners at Jackson's and at the Bradley's and frequently a long drive after dinner with you and father in the front seat of the old White car and mother, Florence and I in the rear. One such

(*Continued on page* 14)

# The Liberalist

**FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER**

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY.....Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

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## EDITORIAL

IT is the wise person who looks into the mirror of life and sees there the emanation of the inevitable sculptor who chisels in our faces and in our personalities the innermost experiences of life, and writes upon the surface for the world to read the kind of thoughts we are thinking. Though we may use all kinds of cosmetics and artificial conceptions to change the reality, shining through all the defenses is the revelation of life's mirror! Wise is the person who can see that; wise the person who can understand when he looks, and can see what is being sculptured there by the experiences of life; wise the person who sees that by changing the inner personality the external becomes beautiful!

It has nothing to do with the contour of the face; nothing to do with the shape of the nose and the ears; nothing to do with the type of the body. I could change and transform lives and turn failures into victories and turn disease into health, if I could convince people, instead of building a defense mechanism to just simply begin to cultivate those spiritual and intellectual attitudes which transform the inner man, so that the outer man becomes the reflection of that inner reality!

I wish I could make every person reading these lines realize the capacity they have for self-creativeness, when in harmony with the Divine Law of beauty and truth! It would transform your life. This would be a memorable moment for you, and what the mirror revealed would be the inspiration to change the image in the mirror of life! Then the mirror would reflect all of those creative, triumphant, cohesive experiences of life which would all mold and blend into a beautiful, beautiful picture! That's what makes personalities. That's why you run with open arms to meet someone and want to have them a part of your life and they mean something to you.

Would you be an attractive type of person? Would you be a winsome type? Would you be the type of person little children run to, and dogs wag their tails at? Would you be the kind of person everyone greets with: "Oh, I'm so glad you're here!" Would you? Look in life's mirror and start finding the answer!

(*Continued from page* 12)

Sunday after dinner you gave me a book written by Theodore Roosevelt, "African Game Trails," and I was so pleased with it and treasured it in the following years. You wrote on the fly-leaf "In memory of the old days at Arcola Hall!"

Many other events come to mind—my meeting Mrs. Bradley for the first time—meeting Jimmie and Kitten at your house one Christmas — hearing you on the radio while in college—seeing you at matinees at Christmas holidays with Jimmie—an invitation to Jimmie's wedding—many letters while in school from father and mother alluding to services at the Peoples Church. Yes, and my sadness at the loss of your wife and the never-to-be-forgotten moment of great sadness when you spoke of Jimmie upon his death that followed close upon the heels of the death of Mrs. Bradley.

I remember the many references in your sermons to your boyhood in Michigan and your wonderful references to your father.

I had no idea I had shared so much with you until I started to write this. In all these events and years I can think of nothing that transpired in our relations that hasn't been beautiful and inspirational and for all of which I treasure the memory very highly.

Perhaps my not attending your services as regularly as I should like and seeing you personally may cause us both not to immediately think of each other, but in retrospect the chains of memory I find are still very strong, and they are memories I know will always be with me.

Some Sunday I am going to bring my son, Harris, to your service and wait for you after services, as I'd like to have him meet you and you meet him.

In the interval I want to wish you great happiness—happiness which you have earned I am sure in memories of a life which has been dedicated to the love of others.

Sincerely,
Winfield Jackson.

* * *

Following the lovely Uptown Players Drama Tea, sponsored by the Chorus Choir and Quartet of our Church, at which Madame Edith Mason spoke on "Memoirs of a Prima Donna," Dr. Bradley received the following lovely letter:

Dearest Dr. Bradley:

You are a spellbinder! Yesterday afternoon was delightful — Edith Mason was charming, as always—but when *you* sauntered up to the podium, you really "took over." Such a time record as you have—of continuously inspiring the drab humanity around you! You pick up the slightest event and run it through your gifted vocabulary in that stardust way you have of glorifying phrases, and lo, the commonplace turns to magic. The lining of my mouth still feels like raw meat today, from my self-inflicted lacerations to keep from crying like a little nut all the time you were talking. *YOU* are the one who is beautiful and perennially young and absolutely changeless—unless merely to increase in sorcery.

Heinzl's last day of spring vacation with us is April 4th. He is a twenty-one-year-old six-footer, in his third year (a Sigma Chi) at MIT in Boston. I don't know how we'll manage our schedule, since he is leaving sometime that day—except that I know we *will* manage it—to be "among those present" at Your Day. We will inform ourselves as to the hour.

Back in my Ferry Hall days—when I sang my first "professional" Chicago engagement for you—I remember my

favorite English teacher always used to say, "Girls, no matter what you are writing, remember to end your effusion with the beginning; it ties things up." This time it's easy. YOU ARE A SPELLBINDER.

Devotedly,

Marion.

The above letter was from Marion Claire (Mrs. Henry G. Weber), who was an Honored Guest at the Drama Tea mentioned, about which Dr. Bradley wrote in his Along the Way, in the April Liberalist.

One who writes such a truly beautiful letter should write other things as well. I wonder if she does!

* * *

Radio Station WGN and WGN-TV Channel 9.

Dear Sirs:

Wish to thank you for bringing us the dignified and helpful talks by Dr. Bradley. It is like an oasis among the wilderness of voices over the air waves. Wish both the talks over the radio at 9:45 a.m. and on Channel 9 at 12:45 p.m. would be longer.

We do appreciate what we get. Many join me in thanking you for this kind of program.

Sincerely yours,

Anna M. Engstrom.

1615 Hinman Ave., Evanston.

* * *

It is such a happy circumstance of the air waves when one hears from an old friend:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

The talks you give over WGN are to me the most interesting of anything I get over radio or TV.

Years ago I used to enjoy selling your lectures for Frank Chaffee's Lyceum Bureau, for I knew they would always be well worth hearing.

You may or may not know both Frank Chaffee and Orpha have been gone for several years.

Mrs. Jones and I celebrated our 60th Wedding Anniversary last October and we are both in good health.

Sincerely yours,

J. Howard Jones.

2600 Eastwood Avenue, Evanston.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Just a note to express our appreciation for your inspiring words each morning on WGN. Life seems so full of problems today, that I think the few moments listening to your broadcast each morning is such a help in solving our task and making the day a happier one.

Hope you will continue with this program. Wishing you continued success,

Respectfully yours,

E. V. Sippel, Agt.

Real Estate Loans and Insurance,

13350 Brandon Ave., Hegewisch.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Your name was not listed at first in the TV Guide, but I incidentally heard you on a program that I had not listened to before. I now turn to that channel every day and get more from the few minutes that you speak than from the entire day otherwise. Surely your wisdom is coming directly from the Divine. I wish to thank you for the information and inspiration that you are giving for wholesome living and a constructive life.

Yours gratefully,

(Miss) Bertha R. Perry.

Waukegan, Ills.

* * *

The following lovely letter came at Eastertime from Lincoln, Nebraska:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Now it is Easter again, our thoughts

turn back to other Easters, and the comfort, encouragement, hope and security you and your church never failed to bring to those within the circle of its love.

Are you aware of the enduring influence of your work? For us, beyond the distance of your presence, of your voice, still the words of past Easters echo in our hearts. Our blessings are many, because of you. May the Easter season bring to you those things you wish for most.

Love and prayers,

Ruth Schweig.

In the letter above was enclosed the following poem:

JUSTIFICATION

God has not been cruel.
He has taken you, I know,
But, oh, the hours we spent
Together before you had to go!

God has not been unjust.
Though you are gone from me
My heart is ever singing
A song, for memory

Is mine. He still has left
Me that. And I find
You are always in my heart.
God has not been unkind.

Ruth Schweig.

I was in Milwaukee on Mother's Day, but the following letter really explains itself. I happen to know, as do many of our members, that Dr. Rufus Lee, specialist in dental extraction, has for a hobby, the growing of the largest Dahlias I have ever seen, and in addition, cultivates Orchids. Mrs. Lee, whose church membership, along with Dr. Lee's, dates back to 1917, served as President of the Woman's Club from 1940-1942. And just about every year the Lee's fly to Central and South America, where they have formed many friendships. From the following letter, I see that the orchid which Dr. Bradley offered to the largest family group on Mother's Day, came from Dr. Lee's private greenhouse:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Just a little note to let you know just how thrilled the folks were, when they received the Orchid for being the largest family group in Church on Mother's Day. We were doubly thrilled by the opportunity we had to greet you in person. Dr. Bradley, I am enclosing a note to Dr. and Mrs. Lee. I realize I am imposing upon you but I don't know of any other way that I could let them know how grateful we all were. Thank you.

Sincerely,

Regina Weslie.

* * *

From Mr. Wallace Ollman, General Manager of the great Mechandise Mart Building of Chicago came the following note:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I should like to take this opportunity to express my deep gratitude to you for your part in making it possible for us in The Merchandise Mart to observe the Lenten Season in its true spirit. Countless numbers of our tenants have told us what a great deal the chapel services meant to them—and without your generosity in sharing with us your words of inspiration, we realize this would have been impossible.

To those of our tenants, I should like to add my own personal thank you.

Sincerely,

W. O. Ollman.

* * *

From a radio listener in Indiana who did not wish her name published came this comment in a recent letter:

"Your talks at 9:45 a.m. are full of help. I've often wondered why Sunday programs on radio and TV are inspira-

tional and the other six days a listener starves for them. Why do the planners put all the good ones only on the Sabbath—with your present exception? It would be wonderful to be able to keep you on daily."

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It was my intention to write to you immediately and tell you how much I appreciated your help and co-operation, of which you gave so freely, at our Annual Illinois Masonic Hospital Association Convention which took place on March 15th.

Your address to the delegates was of immeasurable value to our hospital associates—it was exactly what the delegates needed and what we have never been able to supply in words and with the sincerity of purpose with which you transmitted your message to them. Therefore, as President of the Board, I am doubly grateful to you.

Thank you again for your support and consideration, as well as your personal interest that you have demonstrated in the affairs of our hospital.

With kind personal regards, I am

Very cordially yours,

ILLINOIS MASONIC HOSPITAL ASSOCIATION

By Edgar A. Jonas, President.

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

# BOOK CHATS

The little book I am now about to mention could well have been in the Easter issue, but as it has just arrived at the study, we mention it here. I said it could have been in the Easter issue, because it would have made such a delightful Easter gift for a little child. I don't know what age to suggest as the right age for the book, but I just loved the story myself, and so will any little child (like me). If you ever have a child come to visit, do get this book and keep it on hand. Its title is *Taxco Tommy,* and Taxco is a dear little Mexican burro. From the very first illustration on the outside jacket, with the orchid resting on his head, a bit of cactus at his feet and with Rosita, the parrot, screaming from its cage above his head, Taxco Tommy walked right into my heart. The modern artist has so humanized the expressions of animals as to make their personalities walk right out of the pictures. Taxco is a very normal little boy Burro. He becomes jealous of the parrot who can sing. Roberto, his master, spends hours teaching Rosita to sing "La Paloma," and Rosita in turn amused the tourists.

Tommy, or Tomas (his Mexican name) had only a squeak for a voice as yet. His master laughed when Tommy tried to sing. So Tommy became jealous of Rosita, for Tommy loved his master very much. One day, the day the orchid fell from overhead onto Tommy's head (and stuck there), and Roberto laughed at him, Tommy decided to run away. You see he was very much a little boy, after all. The experiences of Tommy on that hot day fill the 31 pages of this charming little book. There are 15 illustrations, an illustration for every page of the story.

The author is Elizabeth Stewart, born in Beeman, Missouri, but when she was two months old the family moved to Texas, where she grew up. She attended private schools, then the

University of Kansas at Lawrence and Northwestern University in Evanston. She has written for leading juvenile magazines for a number of years and has had feature articles in adult publications. She is free-lancing at present.

Mrs. Stewart has a passion for traveling; has traveled through all 48 states (lived in ten of them) and a dozen foreign countries. A train's whistle in the night, the roar of a plane overhead or the raucous blast of a ship's siren will probably make her restless, for she is afflicted with wanderlust. She is a resident of Evanston, Illinois, and when not traveling loves to grow flowers and enjoys decorating homes.

The illustrations are by Dave Lyons. Pageant Press are the publishers.

And now we quote from a letter Mrs. Stewart wrote to Dr. Bradley:

"Dear Doctor Bradley:

I am very grateful to you for your kindness in writing the words for the jacket of my little book, 'Taxco Tommy.'

If your church ever has a Book Fair or such, and you think it would help, I'd be glad to autograph copies. (The Publishers allow 30% to churches. It might be an idea for Christmas.)

My sincere thanks to you.

Elizabeth Stewart (Mrs. J. T.)"

We suggest that the Bazaar Chairman take note of Mrs. Stewart's offer "to help."

This is the comment by Dr. Bradley which appears on the jacket of the book:

"Without any moralizing but through the story itself, one realizes how even an animal can feel jealousy; that everyone likes to feel important. One realizes also that each one must develop his or her own special talents, rather than attempt to copy another's. It's an ideal story for children, and the mother who reads it to her child will enjoy it, too."

We feel sure Mrs. Stewart has been in Mexico, where she places the setting of her story. Her little message on the autographed fly-leaf is written in Spanish.

Be sure to stop in at your favorite book store or book department and look at the books mentioned in our Book Chats. If you wish to enjoy a "different" shopping day sometime, why not make it a "shopping-for-books" day. We guarantee it won't tire you as much as trying on suits and hats, and it can be so rewarding!

* * *

"Am I more childish than most people?" I asked myself, as I opened up *The First Book of Poetry*. I had gazed for quite a few moments at the colorful jacket before opening the book. The face of a lovely child is on the jacket—a face full of the newness of the wonder of life. And in the background of this face is seen a bit of a castle, a train, a barn, an old-fashioned sailing ship, a sun, a moon and stars, a lighthouse, an aquaplane and an elephant with its little baby elephant alongside.

I'm just an old-fashioned person who does not understand and therefore does not enjoy or approve of the modern idea of art; so when I look into some of the recent books for children and find such illustrations as are in *Taxco Tommy* and in this *First Book of Poetry* , I send up a prayer of gratitude that there are artists who still have imagination that is sane and delightful and who do not cause me to wonder if I have suddenly grown cross-eyed.

Why do I wonder if I'm more childish than some? I'll tell you why! I want to own *The First Book of Poetry;*

and right this very minute I should like to go off in a corner somewhere, all to myself, and "devour" the book, poems, illustration and all, from cover to cover.

Go into any bookstore, you adult, reading these lines, and ask to see the book. Open it at page 58 and look at the wily spider sprawled out over half the page. Then read the old familiar lines of the last verse above the sly gentleman:

And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give heed;
Unto an evil counsellor close heart, and ear, and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale of the Spider and the Fly.

I'm telling you right now, that my mother should have made me learn that verse by heart when I was very, very young. For those are the things one remembers. And did I get fooled once by flattering words! Yes, and he was some spider!

The illustrations are by Kathleen Elgin, and I doff my hat to the lady. The poetry selections are by Isabel J. Peterson, a teacher at the Laboratory School of the University of Chicago. The selections are favorites from the scores and scores of poems which she reads with children each year; the poems children really like, almost one hundred of them. Readers will have a good laugh at Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore, who "was a boy who never would shut a door," or at Antonio, Antonio, who "was tired of living alonio." Perhaps some animal lover will agree with the poet who says "I think mice are nice." The poems are classified as "A Variety of Animals," "Interesting People," "Journeying Far and Wide," "The Land of Make-Believe," "The World Around Us," "From Season to Season," and "Just For Fun."

There's the poem about "The Hairy Dog":

My dog's so furry I've not seen
His face for years and years:
His eyes are buried out of sight,
I only guess his ears.

When people ask me for his breed,
I do not know or care:
He has the beauty of them all
Hidden beneath his hair.

In the "Interesting People" section there is a delightful poem about Christopher Columbus. I'm thinking that little folks who have had this poem read to them will find themselves meeting a dear old friend when later in life they study the history of America.

Rachel Field's "Roads" is good reading for anyone, young or old:

A road might lead to anywhere—
To harbor towns and quays,
Or to a witch's pointed house
Hidden by bristly trees.
It might lead past the tailor's door,
Where he sews with needle and thread,
Or by Miss Pim the milliner's,
With her hats for every head.
It might be a road to a great, dark cave
With treasure and gold piled high,
Or a road with a mountain tied to its end,
Blue-humped against the sky.
Oh, a road might lead you anywhere—
To Mexico or Maine.
But then, it might just fool you, and—
Lead you back home again!

Do some of my readers remember the opening lines—

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rusty glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

That last one reminded me of Walt Disney's never-to-be-forgotten Seven Dwarfs.

There are some lovely verses in "The World Around Us," about the night, the sun, bedtime, the swing, the wind,

mockery which has to do with the moon, falling stars, fog, boats that "sail on the rivers," trees and hills and night.

In the poems from "Season to Season," the illustration to accompany "The Snowman's Resolution," would set any child to laughing, and the poem begins like this:

> The snowman's hat was crooked
> And his nose was out of place
> And several of his whiskers
> Had fallen from his face.

But you must get the book and read all five verses to find out whether he kept his New Year's resolution.

Of course in the ones "Just For Fun," we find

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail, and there's

Poor old Jonathan Bing
Went out in his carriage to visit the King,

and many, many more.

At the back of the book there are three beautifully styled indexes. I think they would interest any child, because of their clear, black lettering, with lines so far apart. I can see a child watching, as mother thumbs through the index to find just the poem the little child wants.

The author, Isabel J. Peterson, is a graduate of the University of Chicago and Teachers College, Columbia University. In the Laboratory School of the University of Chicago, where she now teaches, inspiration and encouragement are given and opportunities are available for experimenting with educationally sound ideas. Out of her work there grew *The First Book of Poetry.*

* * *

Many people inquire by telephone, by letter, and in person for a recommendation of some books on the subject of the various religions which claim men's loyalty. On April 12th, Prentice-Hall published *The Faiths Men Live By,* by Charles Francis Potter. Fifty-two religions, old and new, are explained by Dr. Potter in this book. For over thirty years Charles Francis Potter has been a well-known liberal clergyman in New York City. Dr. Potter is founder of the First Humanist Society and achieved fame in the middle 1920's through his religious debates with Dr. John Roach Straton, and as Bible expert at the Scopes Trial in Dayton, Tennessee. He is the author of several other books on religion, including *The Story of Religion* which has been widely read for many years. In 1951 he wrote his autobiography under the title *The Preacher and I.*

Speaking of our present book, *The Faiths Men Live By,* Erwin R. Goodenough, Professor of the History of Religion, Yale University, says this:

"There are few so learned that they will encounter nothing new and interesting in it, and yet it never gets beyond the scope of the ordinary reader."

Of other books of Dr. Potter's, Harry Emerson Fosdick has said, "Lucid, interesting, and informing . . . written with zest and covering a great area of man's spiritual history."

The New York Times: "Dr. Potter has cultivated a most artful way of putting the pith of a page into a paragraph and the pith of a paragraph into a phrase . . ."

In his preface Dr. Potter says: "This book is written to help people appreciate the good in religions other than their own. Incidentally, it might enable those of no particular faith to pick out one they like or formulate a private one. One can strengthen one's own religion by understanding other religions. Some faiths are peculiar to certain areas and temperaments, but there are universal values in any religion.

"The present trend is toward unity. That very encouraging trend can be

hindered or even blocked by ignorance of and prejudice against foreign religions; or world unity can be encouraged and fostered by sympathetic appreciation of other faiths."

I wish I might quote the entire preface. It is good reading.

One can open the book anywhere and start reading and find it good reading, interesting, informative and inspiring.

Hardly any religionist but would find it interesting to read what Dr. Potter has to say about the reader's own religion, whichever of the 52 discussed his own might be.

The book is a colorful but completely objective story of the faiths of mankind —from their ancient origin up to the rapidly changing religious scene of today—told in a simple, easily understood, and thoroughly entertaining way.

This is a wonderfully informative book to have in one's library, for ready reference and to settle religious arguments.

I am very certain all of our members would be greatly interested in Chapter 17, "The Liberal Churches and Religious Societies." The sub-headings here are: Universalists and Unitarians—Ethical Culturists—The Humanists—The Friends. But your interest certainly will not end there, for what could be of greater interest than learning the true facts about the beginning and the growth of the religious ideal throughout all time?

# DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

## APRIL

1—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.).
Television Address. WGN-TV-9.
Funeral.
Address, Woman's Club, Marengo, Ill.

2—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.).
Television Address. WGN-TV-9.
Cut records, WGN.
Sick calls.

4—Two services Peoples Church.
Anniversary of 50 years of preaching.
42 years of preaching in The Peoples Church.
30 years of continuous broadcasting of the service on the air.

5—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.).
Television Address. WGN-TV-9.
Address, Annual Banquet, Kiwanis Club, Waukegan, Ill.
Funeral.

6—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.).
Television Address. WGN-TV-9.
Address, Junior Association of Commerce, Wedgewood Room, Marshall Field & Co.
Address, Northwest Town Sportsman's Club, Palatine, Ill.

7—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.).
Television Address. WGN-TV-9.
Funeral.
Closing Book Lecture, Peoples Church. 21st season.

8—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.).
Television Address. WGN-TV-9.
Two funerals.
Sermon, Lenten Service, First Methodist Church, Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin.

9—Radio Address. WGN.
Television Address. WGN-TV-9.
Cut 5 records, WGN.
Dedication address of Young People, graduates of church school, who are joining the church.

10—Address, Annual Spring Luncheon, Municipal Art League, Furniture Mart.
Wedding.
Sick calls.

11—Two Palm Sunday Services, Peoples Church.

12—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.).
Address, Erlanger Theatre. Opening of 28th year of Loop Lenten Services.
Television Address. WGN-TV-9.
Address, Lenten Service, Peoples Church.

13—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.).
Two funerals.
Address. Erlanger Theatre.
Television Address. WGN-TV-9.
Address, Peoples Church.
Address on Thos. Jefferson Birthday Celebration, Gold Room, Congress Hotel.

14—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.).
Address, Erlanger Theatre.
Television Address. WGN-TV-9.
Address, Spring Luncheon, 9th Dist. Ill. Fed. Wom. Clubs.
Sermon, Peoples Church.

15—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.).
Address, Erlanger Theatre.
Television Address. WGN-TV-9.
Two funerals.
Sermon, Peoples Church.

16—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.).
Address, Erlanger Theatre.
Television Address. WGN-TV-9.
Cut two records for WGN.
Cut record for network observance of Cinerama for entire country.
Funeral.
Sermon, Peoples Church.
Sick call.

17—Two funerals.
Opened and closed ceremonies at Elks Memorial Temple, at dedication of bronze plaque for Raymond Benjamin, Past Exalted Ruler.

18—Three Easter Sermons.
50 new members received. 15 babies christened. About 4,000 people in attendance during the day.

19—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.).
Television Address. WGN-TV-9.
Funeral.

20—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.).
Television Address. WGN-TV-9.
Funeral.
Cut three records. WGN.
Attended Professional and Business Woman's Club. Peoples Church.

21—Radio Address. WGN (El. Tr.).
Television Address. WGN-TV-9.
Address. Peoples Church.

22—Television Address. WGN-TV-9.
Radio Address on WGN (cancelled for Jos. McCarthy hearing).
Address, PTA Meeting, Auditorium, Mt. Pulaski High School, Mt. Pulaski, Ill.

23—Radio Address. WGN (cancelled for Jos. McCarthy hearing).
Television address. WGN-TV-9.
Cut 3 records for WGN.
Sick calls.
Radio program conference.

24—Wedding in Peoples Church.
Wedding at 1406 State Parkway.

25—Morning service. Peoples Church.
Address. First Anniversary of Abraham Lincoln Unitarian Fellowship, Guild Auditorium, Springfield Theatre, Springfield, Ill.

26—Radio Address WGN (cancelled for Jos. McCarthy hearing).
Address. Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5th Annual Managers' Meeting, American Linen Supply Co., Edgewater Beach Hotel.
Television Address. WGN-TV-9.
Special Bazaar Meeting, Peoples Church.
Attendance, Board Meeting, Chicago Public Library.

27—Radio Address WGN (cancelled for Jos. McCarthy hearing).
Television Address. WGN-TV-9.
Funeral.
Address, Chicago Junior Assoc. of Commerce and Industry, Field Building.

28—Radio Address. WGN (cancelled for Jos. McCarthy hearing).
Television Address. WGN-TV-9.
Address, Chicago Woman's Club.
Address, 100th Birthday of First Congregational Church, held in Trinity Lutheran Parochial School, St. Joseph, Michigan.

29—Radio Address. WGN (cancelled for Jos. McCarthy hearing).
Television Address. WGN-TV-9.
Address. 100th Anniversary of Buchanan Lodge, A.F. & A.M., No. 68, Buchanan High School, Buchanan, Michigan.

30—Radio Address. WGN (cancelled for Jos. McCarthy hearing).
Wedding.
Funeral.
Television Address. WGN-TV-9.
Cut records WGN (5).
Publisher's conference.
Annual Meeting and Dinner, Peoples Church.

## FUNERALS

1—Marvin Thomas Thatcher.
5—Joseph Cornell.
7—William Benjamin Haslet.
8—Charles H. Shircliffe.
Mrs. Edna E. Francis.
13—Mrs. Nannette Henning.
Joseph W. Serhant.
15—Mrs. Lucy Lobstein.
Carol G. Erb.
16—Mr. Carl F. Sorensen.
17—Mrs. Isabelle Priest.
Margaret Woodruff.
19—Walter T. Abbott.
Mildred Hallquist.
20—Edith Carlson.
27—Fred Woodruff.
30—Fern Vesey.

## WEDDINGS

10—Arlene Pritchard and William Kessinger.
24—Florence Harrison and John Bramwell.
Reynolds Hoyt and Paul Clifford.
30—Beverly Ewing and Otto Edward Cohen.

## CHRISTENINGS

(The Easter list of Christenings was published in the May issue.)

25—Janet Dee Livanec, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Livanec.

# THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

## 941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent

Ronald Walrath, Director, Religious Education..... 9:30 a.m.

The Peoples Church School of Religious Education closes for the summer on Sunday, June 13th. The Annual Picnic will be held Thursday, June 20th.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD.....11:00 to 12:00 noon

The church services close for the summer on June 13th.

Sunday Evening Services (From November to Easter)..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (November to Easter)..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—

Meets every two weeks, beginning with the Opening Luncheon in September, through the Closing Spring Luncheon in May.....12:30 p.m.
For summer events, get in touch with the Corr. Sec., Miss Edith Anderberg, 1614 Ainslie Ave. (40). SUnnyside 4-9146.

Men's Club—Meets on the 4th Tuesday each month from September through May..8:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Meets second Tuesday of each month, Cor. Sec., Rosemary Christiansen, 2805 N. Leavitt St. (18), DIversey 8-0475.....8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*

Channing Club, 1st and 3rd Fridays. Sec., Mary McCoy, 1060 Wilson Ave. (40). UPtown 8-4567 .....8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals, Every Thursday in the Church Auditorium during the Church Season—New members welcomed.....8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Paul H. Raabe, UPtown 8-8620

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

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